MARSHALL COUNTY DEMOCRAT

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD FALL ALIKE UPON THE RICH AND THE POOR.—JACKSON.

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Selected Poetry.

THE TOAST.

[The reader will find in the annexed stanzas one of the noblest and most eloquent of all the graphic productions of the great Bard of North Britain—the late SIR WALTER SCOTT. The fire and spirit with which it is imbued, awaken the heart's enthusiasm, and makes one's blood tingle, even to the fingers' ends.]

The feast is o'er! Now brimming wine
In lordly cup is seen to shine
Before each eager guest;
And silence fills the crowded hall,
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills in the royal breast.

Then up arose the noble host,
And smiling, cried, "A toast! a toast!
To all our ladyes fair;
Here, before all, I pledge the name
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame,
The Ladye Gundamere!"

Then to his feet each gallant sprung,
And joyous was the shout that rung
As Stanley gave the word:
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry;
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough." he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head;
That all may have their due,
Now each in turn must play his part,
And pledge the ladye of his heart,
Like gallant knight and true!"

Then one by one each guest sprung up
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And named the loved ones name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His ladye's grace or beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise:
On him are fixed those countless eyes—
A gallant knight is he:
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far-famed in ladye's bower and hall,
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And lifts the sparkling cup on high.
"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory be dead.

"To one whose love for me shall last,
When lighter passions long have passed,
So holy 'tis and true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eye;
And Stanley said: "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "My Mother!"

For the Democrat.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S DAYS OF ABSENCE.

BY VINCENT MICHAELS.

Days of absence!—sad and dreary,
Clothed in sorrow's dark array;
Days of absence! I am weary,
From my friends so far away.

Hours of bliss, too quickly vanished,
When will aught like you return?
When the heavy sigh be banished—
When this bosom cease to mourn?

Not till those loved voices greet me,
Which so oft have charmed mine ear,
Not until my friends can meet me,
Who to me are ever dear.

Days of absence!—then will vanish,
Joy will all my pangs repay;
Soon my tears of trouble banish,
To meet those far away.

All my love is turned to sadness,
Absence pays the tender vow;
Hopes that filled my heart with sadness,
Memory turns to anguish now.

Love may yet return to greet me;
Hope may take the place of pain;
Some fair Dame with kisses meet me,
Breathing love and peace again.

This is the Californian's prayer,
Although it may never come;
Yet those that never pray can share
No part in a happy home.

I kindly bid you all good bye,
Till a more convenient day,
When days of absence all pass by,
I'll meet you that are far away.

VOLCANO, California, Dec. 31st, 1855.

IRISH QUIXOTISM.—Some love sick Emerald had dropped the following laconic ecistle in the street. In it was enclosed a little bunch of red hair, which looked as if it had been pulled out with a fine tooth comb, but without the least appearance of any thing moveable thereon:

Och, Biddy, me darlint,
Here's a lock o' me hair,
An' if there's a snarl in it,
Troth I don't care,
Anyhow.

I'm goin' off, Biddy,
To work on the track,
Ye can take it and kape it
Until I get back,
If ye like.

In virtue's eyes, the good are always great, the great not always good.

DR. KANE.

A SKETCH BY DR. WM. ELDER.

When a man's life is heroic, and his name has passed into history, the world wants to know him personally, intimately. The 'grave and reverend chronicler,' passing over his beginnings, presents him abruptly in his full-grown greatness; men render the admiration earned, but the sympathetic emulation awakened is concerned to know how he grew into his maturity of excellence. This curiosity is not an idleness of the fancy, but a personal interest in the facts that springs out of those aspirations which put every man upon the fulfillment of his own destiny. How came this man to excel—what was in him; what happened to develop it? 'Some men are born great; some achieve greatness; some have greatness thrust upon them." How came this man by it? Is it within my reach also? and, by what means? History provokes us with such queries as these: Biography answers them.

Doctor Elisha Kent Kane is not quite thirty-four years old, yet he has done more than circumnavigate the globe; he has visited and traversed India, Africa, Europe, South America, the islands of the Pacific, and twice penetrated the Arctic region to the highest latitude attained by civilized men. He has encountered the extremest perils of sea and land, in every climate of the globe; he has discharged in turn the severest duties of the soldier and the seaman; attached to the United States Navy as a surgeon, he is, nevertheless, engaged at one time in the coast survey of the tropical ocean, and in a month or two, we find him exploring the frigid zone; and all the while that his personal experience had the character of romantic adventure, he was pushing them in the spirit of scientific and philanthropic enterprise.

As a boy his instinctive bent impelled him to the indulgence and enjoyment of such adventures as were best fitted to train him for the work before him. His collegiate studies suffered some postponement while his physical qualities pressed for their necessary training and discipline.—It was almost in the spirit of truancy that he explored the Blue Mountains of Virginia, as a student of geology, under the guidance of Professor Rodgers, and cultivated, at once, his hardihood of vital energy and those elements of natural science which were to qualify him for his after services of the field of physical geography. But in due time he returned to the pursuit of literature, and achieved the usual honors; as well as though his college studies had suffered no diversion—his muscles and nerves were educated, and his brain lost nothing by the indirectness of its development, but was rather corroborated for all the uses which it has served since. He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania—first, in its collegiate, and afterwards, in its medical department. His special relishes in study indicated his natural drift; chemistry and surgery; natural science in its most intimate converse with substance, and the remedial art in its most heroic function. He went out from his *Alma Mater* a good classical scholar, a good chemist, mineralogist, astronomer, and surgeon. But he lacked, or thought he lacked, robustness of frame and soundness of health. He solicited an appointment in the navy, and upon his admission, demanded active service. He was appointed upon the diplomatic staff as surgeon to the first American Embassy to China. The position gave him opportunity to explore the Phillippine Islands, which he effected mainly on foot. He was the first man who descended into the crater of Tael; lowered more than a hundred feet by a bamboo rope from overhanging cliff, and clambering down some seven hundred more through the scoiræ, he made a typographical sketch of the interior of this great volcano, collected a bottle of sulphurous acid from the very mouth of the crater; and, although he was drawn up almost senseless, he brought with him his portrait of this hideous cavern, and the specimens which it afforded.

Before he returned from this trip he had ascended the Himalayas, and triangulated Greece, on foot; he had visited Celon, the Upper Nile, and all the mythologic region of Egypt; traversed the route and making the acquaintance of the learned Lepsius; who was then prosecuting his archæological researches.

At home again when the Mexican war broke out, he asked to be removed from the Philadelphia Navy Yard to a field of more congenial service, but the Government sent him to the coast of Africa. Here he visited the slave factories, from Cape Mount to the river Bonny and through the infamous Da Souza got across to the barracoons of Dahemey, and contracted, besides, the Coast Fever, from the effects of which he has never entirely recovered.

From Africa he returned before the close of the Mexican war, and believing that his constitution was broken, and that his health was rapidly going, he called upon President Polk and demanded an opportunity for service that might crowd the remnant of his life with achievements in keeping with his ambition; the President just then embarrassed by a temporary non-intercourse with General Scott, charged the Doctor with dispatches to the General, of great moment and urgency, which must be carried through a region occupied by the enemy. This embassy was marked by an adventure so romantic and so illustrative of the character of the man, that we are tempted to detail it.

On his way to the Gulf he secured a horse in Kentucky, such as a night errant would have chosen for the companion and sharer of his adventures. Landed at Vera Cruz, he asked for an escort to convey him to the capitol, but the officer in command had no troopers to spare—he must wait, or he must accept, instead, a band of ruffian Mexicans, called the Spy Company, who had takan to the business of treason and trickery for a livelihood. He accepted them, and went forward. Near Puebla his troop encountered a body of Mexicans escorting a number of distinguished officers to Orizaba. among whom were Major General Gaona, Governor of Puebla; his son, Maximilian, and General Torejon, who commanded the brilliant charge of horse at Buena Vista. The surprise was mutual, but the Spy Company had the advantage of the ground. At the first instant of the discovery, and before the rascals fully comprehended their involvment the Doctor shouted in Spanish, 'Bravo! the capital adventure, Colonel; from your line for the charge!' And down they went upon thr enemy; Kane and his gallant Kentueky charge ahead. Understanding the principle that sends a tallow-candle through a plank, and that the momentum of a body is its weight multiplied by its velocity, he dashed through the opposing force, and turning to engage after breaking their line, he found himself surrounded, and two of the enemy giving him their special attention. One of these was disposed of in an instant by rearing his horse, who, with a blow of his fore-foot, floored his man; and, wheeling suddenly, the Doctor gave the other a sword wound which opened the external iliac artery, and put him *hors de combat*. This subject of the Doctor's military surgery was the young Maximilian. The brief melee terminated with a cry from the Mexicans, 'We surrender.' Two of the officers made a dash for an escape; the Doctor pursued them, but soon gave up the chase. When he returned, he found his ruffians preparing to massacre the prisoners. As he galloped past the young officer whom he had wounded, he heard him cry, 'Senor, save my father.' A group of the guerilla guards were dashing upon the Mexicans, huddled together, with their lances in rest. He threw himself before them—one of them transfixed his horse, another gave him a severe wound in the groin. He killed the first lieut. wounded the second lieut., and blew a part of the Colonel's beard off with the last charge of his six shooter; then grapling with him, and using his fists, he brought the party to terms. The lives of the prisoners were saved, and the Doctor received their swords. As soon as Gen. Gaona could reach his son, who lay a little distance from the scene of the last struggle, the Doctor found him sitting by him, receiving his last adieus.

Shifting the soldiers and resuming the surgeon, he secured the artery, he put the wounded man in a condition to travel. The ambulance got up for the occasion contained at once the wounded Maximilian, the wounded second lieutenant, and the man who had prepared them for slow traveling, himself on his litter, from the lance wound received in defense of his prisoners! When they reached Puebla the Doctor's wound proved the worst of the party. He was taken to the government house, but the old General, in gratitude for his generous services, had him conveyed to his own house. General Childs, American commander at Puebla, hearing of the generosity of his prisoner, discharged without making any term, and the old General became the principle nurse of his captor and benefactor, dividing his attention between him and his son, who lay wounded in an adjoining room. The illness of our hero was long and doubttul, and he was reported dead to his friends at home.

When he recovered and returned, he was imployed in the coast survey. While engaged in this service, the government, by its correspondence with Lady Franklin became committed for an attempt at the rescue of Sir John and his ill-starred companions in Arctic discovery. Nothing could be better addressed to the Doctor's governing sentiments than this adventure. The enterprise of Sir John ran exactly in the current of one of his own enthusiasms—the service of natural science, combined with heroic personal effort; and, added to this, that sort of patriotism which charges itself with its own full share in the execution of national engagements of honor; and besides this cordial assumption of his country's debts and duties, there was no little force in the appeal of a nobly-brave, spirited women to the chivalry of the American navy.

He was 'bathing in the tepid waters of the Gulf of Mexico on the 12th of May, 1850,' when he received his telegraphic order to proceed forthwith to New York for duty upon the Arctic expedition. In nine days from that date, he was beyond the limits of the United States on his dismissal voyage to the North Pole. Of this first American expedition, as is well known to the public, he was the surgeon, the naturalist, and the historian. It returned disappointed of its main object after a winter in the regions of the eternal ice and a fifteen months absence.

Scarcely allowing himself a day to recover from the hardships of the cruise, he set on foot the second attempt, from which he has returned, after verifying by actual observation the long-questioned existence of an open sea beyond the latitude 82 deg., and beyond the temperature, also of 100 deg. below the freezing point. His 'Personal Narrative,' published early in 1853, recounts the adventures of the first voyage and discovers his diversified qualifications for such an enterprise.

The last voyage occupied two winters in the highest latitudes, and two years and a half of unintermitted labor, with the risks and responsibilities attendant. He is now preparing the history for publication. But that part of it which best reports his own personal agency, and most justly present the man to the reader, will of course be suppressed. We would gladly supply it, but as yet this is impossible to us. His journal is private property; the extracts which may expect to make, will be only too shy of egotism, and his companions have not spoken yet, as some day they will speak, of his conduct throughout the terrible struggle which together they endured.

To form anything like an adequate estimate of this last achievement, it is to be remembered that this whole company amounted to but twenty men, and that of this corps or crew he was the commander, in naval phrase; and we are apprised that his portfolio of scenery, sketched on the spot in pencil, and in water colors, kept fluid over a spirit lamp, amounts to over three hundred sketches, we have a hint of the extent and variety of the offices he filled on the voyage. He was, in fact, the surgeon, sailing master, astronomer and naturalist, as well as captain and leader of the expedition.

This man of all work, and desperate daring and successful doing, is in height above five feet seven inches, weight, say one hundred and thirty pounds if health and rest would give him leave to fill up his natural measure. His complexion is fair, his hair brown, and his eyes dark gray, with a hawk look. He is a hunter by every gift and grace and instinct that makes up the character; an excellent shot, and a brilliant horseman. He has escaped with whole bones from all his adventures, but he has several wounds which are troublesome; and, with such general health as his, most men would call themselves invalids, and live on furlough from all the active duties of life; yet he has won the distinction of being the first civilized man to stand in latitude 82° 30 and gaze upon the open Polar Sea—to reach the northernmost point of land on the globe—to report the lowest temperature ever endured—the heaviest sledge journeys ever performed—and the wildest life that civilized man has successfully undergone; and to return after all to tell the story of his adventures.

The secret springs of all this energy is in his religious enthusiasm; discovered alike in the generous spirit of his adventures in pursuit of science; in his enthusiastic fidelity to duty, and in his heroic maintainance of the point of honor in all his intercourse with men.

In his deportment there is that mixture of shyness and frankness, simplicity and fastidiousness, sandwiched rather than blended, which marks the man of genius, and the monk of industry. He seems confident *in* himself but not *of* himself. His manner is remarkable for celerity of movement, alert attentiveness, quickness of comprehension, rapidity of utterance and sententious compactness of diction, which arise from a habitual watchfulness against the betrayal of his own enthusiasm. He seems to fear that he is boring you, and is always discovering his unwillingness "to sit" for your admiration. If you question him about the handsme official acknowledgements of his services by the British and American governments, or in any way endeavor to turn him upon his own gallant achievements, he hurries you away from the subject to some point of scientific interest which he presumes will more concern and engage yourself; or he says or does something that makes you think he is occupied with his inferiority in some matter which your conversation presents to him. One is obliged to struggle with him to maintain the tone of respect which his character and achievements deserve; and when the interview is over, a feeling of disappointment remains for the failure in your efforts to ransack the man as you wished, and to render the tribute which you owed him.

We wish we could be sure that he will not, in his forthcoming work, give us the drama without its hero; or we wish the expedition and its hero had a chronicler as worthy as he would be were he not the principal character in the story.

Dr. Kane's Narrative of the Expedition, now preparing, and in process of publication by Messrs. Childs & Peterson of Philadelphia, will embrace the important discoveries made in the frozen regions far beyond the reach of all the predecessors of the American exploring party and their perilous adventures, crowded with romantic incidents, which, in the language of the Secretary of the Navy, "not only excite our wonder, cut borrow a novel grandeur from the truly benevolent considerations which animated and nerved him to his task."

Graham's Magazine, Feb., 1856.

How Jedediah was Sucked in.

'Is the 'Squire tu hum?' inquired an elongated individual yesterday, who pushed his head into the Recorder's office. It being about the dinner hour, none of the officials happened to be 'tu hum;' but a couple of cits, who were lounging inside, invited him in, and inquired his business.

'Well,' says he, in a beautiful nasal, 'my business ain't much, but du tell me which is the 'Squire?'

'He is at dinner, sir,' answered one of the pair, 'but if you have anything very urgent, we will send for him.'

'Well. I ain't got much in pertickler,' answered the eastern man, 'but jest this mornin a fellar from the jmin State of Illinois, played me one of the alfiredest mean tricks I've hearn on lately.'

'What was it like?' inquired the listener.

'Well it wan't much like anythin;' says he, 'but an all created suck in. Whe:e is that 'Squire?' he burst out again, 'I'll hev the mean critter jerked intu jail ef it costs me a dollar!'

'What did he do?' persisted the questioner.

'Well, 'twan't much of anythin except a sell,' said he, and then breaking out again, he exclaimed: 'Oh, Jedediah Dexter! that anythin cute as you're allowed to be, shud be drawed intu sech a trade by a yaller lookin, ague shakin, corn raesin sarpint as that fellar.'

'Was he a sucker?' inquired the gentleman.

'Well, he wan't much else,' said the afflicted mourner, 'and the fullest grown one I've seed lately—cuss his pictur!'

'But you have not told us what his offence was,' continued the other.

'No,' said he, 'I ain't, and what's wuss er a derned sight. I'm ashamed tu—all cre-a-tion! that I shud a been so tectotally green! I swow,' said he, starting, 'I b'lieve I won't tell it—I'll jest let the mean varmint slide. It won't bear tellin on. Why, ef they shud hear it down tu Conneticut, I couldn't never show myself at any futur thanksgivin in them latitudes—they'd holler meal at me jest as quick as the'd clap eyes on me.'

'Oh! come,' shouted both listeners, 'you are not going to leave without enlightenus, now that you have raised our curiosity.'

'Well, I guess it won't hurt you much ef you don't heer it,' said he; and he was about to move, when one of his auditors informed him that it was absolutely necessary that he should stop and lodge his complaint, for evidently some wrong had been committed, and if he kept silent and allowed it to pass unpunished, he would be conniving at the evil, and thereby make himself liable.

'Is that the law?' inquired the bitten claimant.

Both listeners signified the affirmative to his query.

'Well, I don't wan't to go agin law much,' said Jed, 'so you kin hev the hull upshot of this in a minit, and you'll allow it is mity mean. A Illinois fellar this mornin walked intu my shop, where I'm marchindisin alongside on the market, and got to dickerin some butter with me for groceries and other notions. His pots of the cow's grease were dreadful nice on top, and tasted like new milk arter spring grass—it jest tuck me all of a heap, and I bargained for all the critter had, and sot to sellin him the little fixins in exchange. He looked so etarnal sott, and sawnyed round so alfired green, that I didn't once hev a dreamin of the critter bein tricky; so the trade was did up mity short and he travelled. Well, jest a minit sence I turned a pot eout tu sell a customer some, and I swan tu man ef two-thirds on it wan't an Ingin meal dumplin!'

A burst of laughter here broke from his auditors, and as they appeared to keep on at it, instead of sympathising with Jed, he raised himself proudly up under his load of injuries, and moved to the door.

'Ah! ha, ha, ha!—Ingin dumplins, ah, ha!' shouted one of the convulsed listeners, as Jed was retreating.

'You needn't take on so,' says Jed, 'for ef he don't think of his sins when he swallers that tea I sold him, then I'm mistaken in the yarb. It's parfectly awful on a man's bowels—specially when he ain't used to it;' and amid a shout of laughter, Jed disappeared, congratulating himself on at least being even.

Brother Crafford's Farewell Sermon.

REPORTED BY BILL EASEL.

During my sojourn in Mississippi, (shortly after I heard the great sermon, which was played on a harp of a thousand strings,) I had occasion to visit a friend in the neighborhood of Port Gibson. The next day, being Sabbath, I accompanied him to Zion Chapel. A new minister had been called to that neighborhood and this was to be his salutatory sermon.

Zion Chapel was some hundred yards from the main road and surrounded by forest trees. Having arrived rather too early for the service, myself and friend sauntered about the woods, rather actively employed in brushing away the cloud of musquitoes that surrounded us. At length a strange specimen of the genus *homo* made his appearance on horseback; it was Brother Crafford.

His dress was decidedly peculiar. On his head he wore an old-fashioned bell-crowned beaver, several sizes too large.—To remedy this defect a cotton bandana handkerchief was stuffed between the hat and his forehead. His coat was of the most ancient pattern; blue with brass buttons, short waist and long swallow tail. The collar came within an inch of hiding the back part of his head. His vest was extremely long, and his pants ditto short. The latter were held down by a leather strap passed under a huge pair of brogans of an untanned leather color. Altogether his presence strongly suggested Dan Marble in his Yankee character of Jonathan homespun. But to the sermon—or at least a portion of it—for it was utterly impossible to report the whole.

The congregation was large as it had been "norated" abroad that a new servant of the Lord was to make his debut at Zion.

Brother Crafford slunk into the pulpit with more than ordinary humility, and after devoting a few moments to silent prayer he rose.

Gingerly pushing up the sleeves of his *store coat*, whereby he displayed a pair of large, long, bony hands, of beet-red color. He grasped the handle of an earthen pitcher and poured into a tin cup a draught of water which he drank with inimitable gusto.

His appearance in the pulpit was a study for an artist. His face was long, and lank, eyes pale grey, nose aquiline, complexion sandy, hair greyish sandy, head bald on the top, with the exception of a small patch on the organ of reverence, (as if to shade it,) and, altogether, the picture of Greely whilst indicting a Freesoil Abolition document for the benefit of his southern subscribers.

He began apologetically as follows:

"You don't see me to-day in the dress I allers wear. I come among you as a stranger, and I am now tricked out in my store clothes; I am not a proud man, but I thought it would be more becoming before strangers."

After this he raised a hymn in which the congregation joined. He then began his sermon:

"My dear brethren and sisters, first and foremost, I'm gwine to tell you about the affecting partin' I had with my congregation at Bethel Chapel. After I had got through with my farewell sermon as I came down outen the pulpit, the old grey-headed brethren and sisters who had listened to my voice for twenty years, crowded around me, and with sobbing voices and tearful eyes, said—*Farewell Brother Crafford.*

As I walked down the aisle, the young ladies tricken out in their finery of brass jewelry, gewgaws, jimeracks, paints, and flounces, looked up with their bright eyes, and pronounced with rosy lips—*Farewell Brother Crafford*

The young men in their tight patent leather boots, high collars, and flashy waistcoats—smelling of pomatum and tobacco smoke—with their Shanghai coats and striped zebra pants—they too said—*Farewell Brother Crafford.*

The little children—lambs in the fold—lifted up their tiny hands and small voices, and with one accord, said—*Farewell Brother Crafford.*

The colored brethren of the congregation now came forward (black sheep who had been admitted to the fold under my ministry,) with tears rolling down their sable cheeks, they too said—*Farewell Brother Crafford.*

As I got on my horse and bade adieu to my congregation forever—I turned to take a last look at the old church where I had preached the unsarchable riches of Christ for mor'n twenty years—and as I gazed at its dilapidated walls and moss-covered roof, it too seemed to say—*Farewell Brother Crafford.*

As I rode down through the village, the people who poked their heads outen the winders, and the servants who leaat on their brooms, all seemed to say—*Farewell Brother Crafford.*

As I passed along down the highway, through the forest, the wind as it sighed and whisiled through the tree-tops, playing on the leaves and branches the burden of salvation, it, too seemed to say,—*Farewell Brother Crafford.*

Crossing a creek that was gurgling and singing over its pebbly bed, as it rejoiced on its way to the great ocean of eternity, it, too, seemed to say—*Farewell Brother Crafford.*

As I rode down a hot, dusty lane, an old sow that was asleep in a fence corner, jumped out of a suddent, with a loud broo-oo, broo-oo—she too seemed to say—*Farewell Brother Crafford.*

My horse got frightened and jumped from under me, and as he curled his tail over his back—kicked up his heels, and ran off—he too seemed to say—*Farewell Brother Crafford.*

We learn, by private dispatches, that baled timothy hay was selling at New Orleans on the 30th, at $27 per ton.